

Stay a Little Longer by dont_touch_my_cheetos

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Summary:

Eddie wasn't startled by the window sliding open like he usually was. He hadn't been expecting it, but he was too tired to be scared. He sat up in bed with droopy eyes as he watched the mop of black hair tumble through his window.

Richie met his eyes and whispered to him quietly, "you're awake?"

Eddie nodded, "I was waiting for you."

Eddie doesn't like to sleep alone and Richie doesn't like sleeping at home. It works out perfectly.

Stay a Little Longer

Author's Note:

I love writing Reddie, so here's another quick one-shot. I'm thinking about doing some different IT ships in the future.

Ever since Neibolt, Eddie struggled to get to sleep. Terrifying nightmares shook him awake every time he tried to close his eyes. Sonia would take one look at the bags under his eyes and rush him to the doctor.

"I just need some melatonin, Ma," he told her multiple times. "It's over the counter."

Eddie's mom wasn't someone who would reason. She had him tested for every illness that could possibly cause drowsiness. He would come to school with band-aids covering every inch of his arms where the doctors unnecessarily drew blood.

"She's got to stop this," Richie whispered in his ear one day at lunch while he rubbed his hand up and down Eddie's arms.

Eddie nodded. Of course he knew that, but he couldn't explain to his mother that he never slept because images of killer clowns rattled around in his brain every night. What could he do?

"Maybe I can help?" Richie suggested.

That night, Eddie nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard a tapping at his window. He scrambled to pull the curtains back to find a very tired looking Richie staring back at him.

"Richie? What the fuck?" Eddie groaned.

He stepped back to let the taller boy in. Richie scrambled through and shrugged his heavy jacket off, dropping it to the floor just for Eddie to pick it back up and lay it across a chair.

"You're not getting enough sleep. Maybe if you're not alone, you

won't have nightmares," Richie shrugged.

A warm, happy feeling spread through Eddie when Richie said this. He was so thoughtful, a side that not many people got to see of him. His soft side.

Richie kicked off his shoes and climbed into the bed next to Eddie. He wrapped him up in his lanky arms and held him, hoping their close proximity would chase away all the bad dreams.

Eddie fell asleep quickly and for the first time in a long time, he slept through the night.

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It became a regular thing for Richie to enter through the window most nights. Eddie always slept better with his long arms wrapped around his middle, holding him tight to his chest. It worked out perfectly- Eddie didn't want to sleep alone and Richie didn't much like sleeping in his own home.

Richie's parents were mostly oblivious to his sneaking out. Every once in awhile, Wentworth would stay up late without him knowing and he'd be grounded for even trying to leave. Those were the worst nights that often turned into weeks. When Richie got in trouble, the punishment was strict. Knowing he was trapped in his own home caused Eddie to lose the small chance of sleep he had of getting.

It was one of those restless nights when there was no Richie to sleep with him. The bed felt colder and utterly empty. Eddie always held on to the hope that Richie would slide his window open anyways, but it never happened. Still, he waited.

Around twelve-thirty, he heard a pop near the window. He wasn't startled by the window sliding open like he usually was. He hadn't been expecting it, but he was too tired to be scared. He sat up in bed with droopy eyes as he watched the mop of black hair tumble through his window.

Richie met his eyes and whispered to him quietly, “you’re awake?”

Eddie nodded, “I was waiting for you.”

Richie kicked off his converse and left them by the window seal before taking off his jeans and climbing into bed next to Eddie with only his t-shirt and boxers on.

Eddie turned his head to face Richie but all his limbs felt like lead. He couldn’t find it in himself to turn on his side and curl into his boyfriend, despite how much he wanted to. He looked up into Richie’s eyes with his own sleepy ones. Richie took the hint and grasped on to Eddie from under his arms, pulling his body up and onto his chest. Eddie lifted his head to kiss him gently in thanks. He settled in easily and was already feeling better.

“That good?” Richie whispered. Eddie hummed in response and shut his eyes.

Richie brought his hand up to Eddie’s hair and started to twist it around his fingers. That was it for him. Eddie was out like a light after that.

Richie stayed awake until Eddie’s breathing evened out. He left sweet kisses on the top of his head, light enough to not wake him up. He was better at running on limited sleep, anyway. He took a moment to just admire Eddie during one of the few times he was able to see him still like this. Not jumping around or ranting like his usual hyper self. Just still and serene. It wasn’t long before Richie fell asleep, too.

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Eddie squinted when the sunlight woke him. He hid his face in Richie’s shoulder to find a dark crevice where he could go back to sleep. It didn’t seem like it was going to happen, though, so he carefully unwrapped himself from the lanky arms restraining him and crawled out of bed, pulling a pair of sweatpants out of his drawer and slipping them on over his boxers.

Richie woke up a little later, freezing his ass off, and immediately rolled over to find where his small space heater went. Exasperated when he couldn't find Eddie, he tumbled out of bed a lot less gracefully than his boyfriend had a few minutes previously.

He grabbed a random pair of sweatpants from the floor that he assumed were his, which Eddie would surely chastise him for later. He quietly padded out of the bedroom and into the kitchen.

"Good morning," Eddie said as Richie groggily walked in.

"Hmf," he replied, still a little salty about being left alone in bed.

He sat down at the kitchen table and rested his head in his hands. He watched Eddie shuffle around, moving different things and stirring a pot on the stove. He admired the way the light from the window above the sink fell right over the shorter boy, illuminating his dark eyes and soft hair.

Eddie walked over and handed him a bowl of oatmeal and sat across from him.

"Where's Mrs.K?" he asked. It was better if she wasn't there. When Sonia was home in the mornings when they woke up, Richie had to leave through the window and bike home alone. He didn't prefer those mornings at all.

Eddie shrugged. "She usually runs errands on Saturday mornings. She's probably at the drugstore, then onto groceries and whatever the fuck else she does."

"Watch your fucking language, Eddie Spaghetti. It's way too early to be so vulgar," he grinned.

"You're always fucking vulgar," Eddie laughed back.

These were Richie's favorite mornings. Just him and Eds and their cheerful banter. They went back and forth while making plans for the day. Sometimes Eddie would criticize him for slurping his oatmeal, a strange talent he'd recently acquired, and then they'd both laugh. But these mornings always ended the same way:

“You know I love you, right?” Richie would whisper in Eddie’s ear as they scrubbed the breakfast dishes in the sink.

“I love you, too.” Eddie would smile back.